

Triskele

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ABSTRACT

Triskele

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This book of poetry sets out to explore very old myths and ritual sites of ancient Cymry, their tradition and reverence for poets, and the belief in alternate realities, not as metaphysical improbabilities, but daily life realities. And it intends to assume the relevance of these ancient concepts for today's audience. The result is a book of mixed genres: autobiography, biography, fiction, non-fiction, meta-fiction, creative non-fiction, travel journal, environmental treatises, experimental and conceptual poetry and prose. It is a philosophical essay which cannot be written in academic or scientific language while questioning the ubiquitous confidence we attribute to them as authorities of what can be known. By merging forms, playing with de-contextualization and juxtapositions, these poems undermine the notion that any one system, any one form, can ever gain access to the mysterious realities of living. Yet, by undermining the intellectual paradigm, these poems displace the reader's attention in order to create opportunities for engaging in the primitive mind, the mind of intuitive perception and boundlessness.

This project draws on the works especially of Bergson, Deleuze, and Abrahms to create shortcuts to complex underlying concepts, and it quotes the words of Taliesin, Welsh poet, to invoke ancient vision. The basic initiation ritual, which involves fasting and mock death, questions of re-identification and the development of intuitive mind, are the project's structural and thematic model. The manuscript progresses from narrative structure to a block of many superimposed poems, all jostling for attention, subverting the expectation of a conventional reading, and as such it plays with the possibilities of incorporating the past in order to consider the problems of creating meaning for the present.

for
Linda

& for the dragon sisters
who, in their own way, took this journey through Cymry

Contents:

Preliminary Note	1
Story	2
Place	19
Echoes	45
Plane of Consistency	56
Glossary	69
Bibliography	70

Preliminary Note

This is an essay which cannot be written in prose, or in scientific language, or even as philosophy, though its subjects include the idea of simultaneity, history, epistemology and metaphysics. It also includes notions of sacred space in its relationship to aesthetic process and creative process as a model for relationship with wider environmental paradigms, including our new virtual reality. But it is also a statement of the irreducibility of any meaningful experience to a single shape, word, form or system.

The content is autobiography, biography, fiction, meta-fiction, creative non-fiction, travel journal, experimental poetry and prose. It is not necessary to be familiar with the source inspiration, the myth of Gwion Bach from the Welsh *Mabinogi*. In these stories, Gwion is transformed into a poet through a series of initiation adventures to emerge as a Radiant Brow, “Taliesin” in Welsh. It also does not require familiarity with the poetry of Taliesin nor the Welsh sacred sites which are described.

Triskele explores the ancient rituals of initiation which are understood in this project as the structures of a society who understood the necessity of controlling moments of change and death so that, rather than fear it, they enacted it. They produced, performed, even invited the effect of death. The poems are an attempt not only to discuss these rituals, but to enact their purpose with a progressive unravelling of expectations.

Even as we point we are making something, and for me it is the pointing which is much more exciting than the product. Thus, the artefacts of my pointing, these poems, are about *not* coming to a resting place; they are about calling absence forward, to lick its scary face and to sink deep into it and all that it has to offer.

Part 1 - Story

“Myths may have meaning, but it is dangerous to look for it; folklore and folk-tales are but the aggregate of motifs and tale-types, and these have no meaning outside their relationship to other tales with the same motifs outside their participation in in the wider international community of motifs”.

Ford, quoting
K.Jackson,
Ystoria, p.50

Edification

I wait for poetry as I walk. Sometimes I get a first line handed to me as if from the ether. The ancients prayed before recitals, called on the muse. We all do that in different ways. Sometimes just making a cup of coffee is enough. For me, there is a poem waiting when my belly boils. The Welsh fili lay in the dark during daylight hours in dreaming beds, constructing vision into poetry so that they might share it with their peers later under the moon, under the stars, in front of a fire. They passed through Ceridwen's womb, an initiation ritual, before being invited to the academy. Some scholars say that the training to be a poet was a minimum of twelve years – memorizing and composing. Taliesin is the chief among these. He is a myth or a historical man. The two are blurred. I do not understand his poetry. It is not just difficult: translated into English, it still seems to be in another language. Yet, when he asks "What is the imagination of the trees"? I get excited. Myth tells the story of his development from a boy who accidentally spills a magic brew on his thumb from the cauldron of poetic inspiration, how he transforms into different animals with Ceridwen in pursuit, how she swallows him and he gestates in her womb, how he is reborn exquisite and named Radiant Brow by his patron, Elphin. Good stories, these, for poets. Somewhere in them are clues on how to be a poet and a shaman. In those days, a poet was the same as being the king's advisor, prophet, priest, historian, scientist, diviner, healer, advocate and promoter. Good days for poets.

How Morda Leads Gwion Bach's Journey

At a certain age, not old
but believing myself to have been in the world
and experienced,

I say yes to Morda and take him by a hand,
my eyes his guides, his voice

leading me along a path which he marks
barely and I have to guess the way.

He says there is a tree and before me a huge oak.
He says a root and there they are, doubled over.
He says a boulder and it rises behind, a cliff.
He says a hawk, and up we walk.
He says circle round until you see
the mark of Ceridwen's yard.

There are no straight lines through the woods
as I veer from oak, ash, larch, yew, holly
to jump a stream to swim a lake
to climb a rock to walk the slow
ridge ever downward into a hidden
valley, the forest dark
getting deeper
and our circle tighter

until it is a spiral stair
draining out and down.

I fall into sleep
or so it seems
as I trance its corners
and press its borders

to a wide doorway
with a knot for a knocker
and a bowl for
washing our hands.

Seeing neither knot nor bowl,
my blind charge pushes the door and strides into a yard without me,

his gait young again, his legs stretching out to greet the earth as it rises to meet
his feet his cane swinging in arcs by his side as if rehearsing flight.

He follows a little lane which winds into shrubs flowering pink,
past pools where frogs *plonk* away from us and giggles rise from ferns.

I trot after him, my hands washed clean and the knot unbound
so that it hangs like a sash and pulls smoothly up and down
making a chorus of bells chime sweetly in the yard.

Morda says come come,
and I say, I'm coming I'm coming.

None of the scholars doubt that the tale of Gwion Bach is very old, but it doesn't
show up until the 16th century manuscript by Elis Gruffyd who himself asked whether
the stories "can be believed".

Ford, *Mabinogi*,
p. 160

Ceridwen's Cauldron Recipe

There are ways of peering out a rounded arc of sea,
forecasting in the winds many hazards
- add first in measured amounts

Water tides onto a beach, makes borders
and erases them, brings gifts and buries them
- add with abandon

Fish, flying ahead of vision, meet the place where clouds
lace watery crests and frame a morrow
- go often for good results

Hung on a crested moon is an apple blossom tint:
pluck its perfume gasping
- do not omit

When the winds blow bells hanging from the elderberry
little people laugh as if they know a secret
- these are hard to find

There are rhymes in my pot & stag floating in its air
so that hoofs breaking earth's skin become song
- riddle, cannot teach this part

Spill the crane bag letters, shape of scratches left under oak bark
by bugs who work for generations to devour a tree
- patience required to collect

Call an innocent to make a mess, to spill the brew
to gather the stars under his skin
- this part is not always possible to control

Waken the dragon's hematite eyes
& smash the cauldron form
- spill indiscriminately for true inspiration

There are three cauldrons of poetic inspiration in the Irish/Celtic lore which loosely translate as the sustenance, the motion & the knowledge. It makes me think of a feeling I get in my belly when I have not written for a while. Like a balloon inflated and taking up space. Heavy with insistence. Ready to spill.

Ford, *Ystoria*, p. 26

How Morda Explains Why He is Blind

One day I asked too much of a tree
I asked it to take all the grief that was in my heart
and all the grief that the village had spread on the earth
as we bickered and fought about
how best to rule our little domain and how to be unhappy
with each other so that some could be right
and some could be wrong

and when I asked the tree to take all that grief
it took my eyes and finally...

- have you ever closed your eyes to see?

Byt mor yw ryfed.
Na syrch yn vnwed.

Taliesin, "Kanu y Byt Bychan" ("Song to the
Little World")

How Morda Speaks of His Students

They always want to know if they've done it right
They always want to know if it means something
They always want to know if I'll approve
They always want to know if it was long enough
They always want to know if it was deep enough
They always want to know if it was worth it
They always want to know what it means
They always want to know they can do it again
They always want to know they were special
They always want to know they breathed in the right direction, or sat straight, or
got quiet, or saw images, or went somewhere, or had a vision, or flew up a cliff
or saw the treasure, or met the goddess, or freed the bird, or rode the dragon, or
danced the eagle, or cured the sick, or saw the ghost, or mapped the future, or
sang the ancestors, or made a world -

but as soon as they ask, they lose the right of it.

When the trees were enchanted,
In the expectation of not being trees,
The trees uttered their voices
From strings of harmony,
The disputes ceased.

Taliesin, "Battle
of the Trees"

How Gwion Bach Drinks from the Cauldron

Ivy tendrils hang
curtains around
a flame black pot.

A perfume of caustic wit &
pearly alliterations
tickle on wisps of the breeze
from the shadows of an arbour
arching like a hen's wing.

The lady
tells me to stir the pot
when the black bird whistles
and only then.

Don't spill any – she is very
particular, Morda says. But her ugly little boy

runs around me asking for a drop
of her brew, wailing that he is hungry.

As I move to miss him, my thumb
slips over the ledge into the hot paste.

Her brew is such a dark purple, it is black
as if it owns all light.

It shines like an opaque stone
dragged from the bowels of a dragon's lair,

and the more I stare at my thumb
where a skin of the concoction burns,

the more I think it is a doorway,
both my thumb and her brew.

I suck one drop.
A shiver of purple light spreads
from the tip of my tongue
into a hole

spilling me
shaking the frame of bones
I once knew as mine.

P. L. Henry suggests that each of the details about the cauldrons is a posture during Druidic ritual. Imagine poetic practices mirroring yogis contorted and focusing on their breath! I too, here on my sofa, am cross legged with my coffee, close my eyes to hear, pace the floor and stretch when no words come.

Ford, *Ystoria*,
p.27

How Ceridwen Chases Gwion Bach

For thirteen years Ceridwen shakes her tugen at my bones which break into shards of feather, claw and fin.

*You can say only, I am bear.
You can say only, I am salmon.*

She chases me across the landscape of elsewhere to a place the Cymraeg call Annwen, while children and mothers call after me *ysbryd! ysbryd!* ringing bells and rattles in my wake.

*It is an agony to resist,
a force descends and occupies
makes walls against simple words*

For thirteen years she shakes her tugen at my bones until they shiver into shards of claw and fin and padded foot and growl ready to unbury the dead.

*You can say only, it is true
You can say only, I am Other*

For thirteen years she shakes her tugen at my bones until I am small as a grain of wheat sheathed in a carriage of seed ready to germinate in spring fodder, to feed a corner of equine stomach or to crumble into doughy posture.

*When you are bear, when you are salmon
there is only the sum of the world
in the marrow of your bones*

And she, hen-matron, pecks at the remnant of me until even that is gone.

You can say only, I am nothing

All light is gathered and cinched into the small end of the universe. I come to rest in the den of her womb, the cave of her forgetting.

The chase scene is the best part of the story. Teachers who chase are the best teachers.

How Taliesin Describes the Womb

When I reach a moment of careful negligence,
Nothing, like an arm of an ocean creature from the unknown deep,
reaches up and pulls me under.

Nothing occupies the way time suggests itself to a clock
and then doesn't.

Nothing is
gathered in a single thread
pulled from the curtain

unravelling
until windows
meet windows
meet windows
meet windows

and
Nothing is defeated
in the void

“The Heaven World of the ancient Celts, unlike that of the Christians, was not situated in some distant, unknown region of planetary space, but here on our own earth. As it was necessarily a subjective world, poets could only describe it in terms more or less vague; and its exact geographical location, accordingly, differed widely in the minds of scribes from century to century.”

Evans-Wentz, *The Fairy Faith of Celtic Countries*,
p. 332

Hyge

Break hearts set in stone
and make mockery of serious pettiness,
petty inbreeding and vacuous story endings
(cute and without truth).

He is eagle-strike in flight against cliffs
of facile myths dancing on the whispers of the ignorant
and sly while Arawn's laughter chases.

Break his easy human complicity
until he lumbers in bear's rhythmic sway

and travels silhouette forests in owled eyes,
swims the brook to the ocean as a speck of water,
a salmon, and a shore,

unburdened by categories and conventions
of gravitational constraints. He is aloft

on fire branded words
and burnt ideas. He is dis-
armed by suspended thoughts.

What is it to be a bear? Not to think like a bear. Not to pretend or perform or to act or to translate or transcribe or imagine bear, but to actually be a bear? To occupy bear thought, bear body. Have you ever considered the possibility that we have bear ancestors and bear memories?

How the Cauldron Cracks the World

When I return to my eyes and nose,
the pricking of hair roots in my scalp,
to the delicate balance between toes and heel
which drags a line skyward,
to the sound of coals' charge
and the laboured breathing of a single fern
in a wind's sleepy armed caress,

*I cannot take you there,
you must go alone.*

when I come back
Morda stares his blank eyes up at me
and says, where have you been?

*I cannot tell you,
you must untether your own words.*

Ceridwen's boy throws a knife
into a tree as if nothing has happened.

*I cannot make you remember,
you must forget yourself.*

In this moment, words
are like putting chains to water.

*I cannot empty you,
you must crack whole.*

The boy ladles brew into a bowl and eats,
humming. I sink to the ground
and stare out.

“Sometimes, ... paradoxically, dumbness is the chronic condition of the poet.”

Ford, *Ystoria*,
p. 25

The Fierce Bard

If you are not a fierce bard,
a trail of lineage flogged by tongues,
the forest cleared & rocks moved
to celebrate king's deeds,
a trail that pushes as it pulls,
makes waste in its wake...

If you are not a fierce bard,
movement is the flight of a hunted
stag: sun glittering in dew is
common...

I left behind a thing, once
blood and sinew, a thing I treasured,
but as I walked away
a stone stumbled
in my path, this day Elphin found me,
the day he remarked on my radiant brow.

It was a common stone, with a purple speck
in the shape of a throne, which fits my pocket.

I am Taliesin.
I will delineate the true lineage,
That will continue to the end,
In the pattern of Elphin.

Taliesin, "The Hostile
Confederacy"

How Taliesin Consults the Wind

I consult the wind with specific questions
seeking divinatory advice and weather reports
with a single prolonged sniff of the air.

I serve others who provide my keep
& it is tiresome how often their questions
concern the brace of land to be won
or the auspicious time to fuck.

It will not be older, it will not be younger,
than it was in the beginning.
There will not come from his design
fear or death.

Taliesin, "Poem for the
Wind"

Taliesin's Sisters

They did write
just as they loved,

just as they put bread on the table
and swept stones at the front stoop.

They wrote as they gathered herbs
on a full moon and a new moon,

digging with a wooden spoon,
dropping St John's wort and red

nettle into big apron pockets
or woven alder baskets.

They wrote as they sang to the yew,
as they gave thanks to the water, pails

hung at their shoulders.
They wrote as they danced the seasons

on a squared hill, birthed
a new year on a cold night

with the dead on their lips,
the promise of another rising sun

bending the grass under foot.
Written by their naked bodies

into trees, into land, into a spring's
itch to run into the salty sea.

I read. The water. The trees.

Part 2 – Place

“In indigenous, oral cultures, nature itself is articulate; it *speaks*. The human voice in an oral culture is always to some extent participant with the voices of wolves, wind and waves... There is no element of landscape that is definitively void of expressive resonance and power”.

Abrams, *Spell of the Sensuous*,
p.116-7

What the Land Remembers

I dance the Twelve Celtic Winds in Nova Scotia with a group of women as if I remember what was once known by a lineage of poets, that truth could be sniffed from the winds. A flute and didgeridoo suggest threads for our feet to follow. Music emotion slips into the grass and the air like a diagram. I follow the only thing which makes sense, a ball of chi that spreads out beyond my fingertips and pulls my feet around in weight shifts. I balance landscape and an ephemeral tugging from my belly which boils and leans with the music. Once in a while, I slip outside a long horizon, the elsewhere, to see myself performing for an audience. But then something picks me up and takes me back to my chi spinning before me, arcing in and out of the land like a dragonfly, and I am in the wind tossed air dancing blind. When all twelve wind directions are graced with dance and the music ends, and the other dancers drift away to eat, I lie in the grass, spent. A Mi'kmaw elder asks if I am a professional dancer. I tell her no, that I followed my chi. "You danced the traditional Mi'kmaw Eagle Ceremony" she says. "I watched your feet. Step for step. I watched. It is a sacred dance we don't share with everyone..." From this, I know that the land has memories my body can remember.

Translating Landscape

Travelling through Wales, myths of dragons and annwfn pressed firmly in the flax garden,

in a place of peat, in meadow of the orchard, I hear the stories.

In Hillside of Black Crow & Hillside of the Fort, of the Hawk, of the Chair, of the Ridge, Rock, Pigs, Eagle. Hillside of the Old Home. Small Birch Enclosure. Black Mound. Hillside of the Sheep, of the Mill. Graves of the Giants. Gateway. Hill of Silver. Hill of Breeze. Cold Hill. Dry Hill. Fair Hill. Highest Hill. Dwelling of the Muse. Cairns of the Ridge. Pointed Rock. Rock of the Viper. Rock of the Peak. The Ridge of the Two Paved Ways. Robbers Meadow. Butter Meadow. Pasture of the Triangle. Golden Grove. Stream of the Bee. I hear the stories.

Dewi Davies, *Welsh Place Names and their Meanings*

Stories in Arthur's Court, in the place of three pebbles, in the field of the holly tree, in the red the green the white the ash the birch grove, in the grove of the cuckoo, in the enchanted glade, in the long acre in haven, the place of bees, in a fold, in marsh of the pass, in the ferns and mosses and the hills and the meadows and the narrow lanes and the yew trees and the bogs and the oak woods and the caves and the waterfalls and the pools and springs and ocean and wind and the horses and the stones.

Under my feet and over my head,

I want to translate place to myth and back again.

"I betray (a) secret when I translate, putting the knowledge and power in alien hands".

A. Danto, "Translation and Betrayal"

Many of the Names are Very Old and It is Difficult to Arrive At Their True Meaning

Dewi Davies, *Welsh
Place Names and their
Meanings*

The names crack with age,
like porcelain, shifting

Allt Cae Melyn. Allt Cae Du. Allt Dolanog.

Names formed with use,
fired by mouths

Bach. Bailey Bedw. Banc Du. Banc Gwyn.

Functional like pitchers,
decorated with myth

Carnau Cefn y Ffordd. Carneddau. Carno.

Names setting a landscape,
making welcome

Doladron. Dlafallen. Doldowlod.

Names to inherit,
like grandma's best china

I have had little problem adjusting to a steering wheel on the right side of the car. The left handed stick shift flows & the clutch is where I expect it, my foot pumping it often on these twisted roads with wildly high hedges making tunnels of our travels. But I can't read the signs, cannot form the sounds or remember the name of my destination.

Avebury Stone Circle

*I know the regulator,
Between heaven and earth;
When an opposite hill is echoing*

Taliesin, "The Hostile
Conferderacy"

these stones - their mass speaks - spin of slippery
distances between each - locked with cause - their
circles' spin - increases as echoes rise - widening
horizons - vortex grinding insistence

ancestor's naming
taming

stones' echoes - make a pact with Silbury hill -
follow the forever mile - a figure eight in flight

stone allies
make the wanted known
the unknown made

The Celts flee this place to go to Brittany, Ireland and Wales. As refugees, they leave some things behind, like these stones which cover a few acres of land and are each the size of a small house. Hard to pack.

Glastonbury Tor

I know...

What was the sail-staff

From earth to sky

Taliesin, "The Hostile
Confederacy"

wound round the tor hill
a trail of blemished grass tracking ways in

traced in sunken earth foot stepped
hard round and again up

and up and around
trancing the coil

resistance in the unwinding
in the climb

tracks of perhaps
a song without rhyme

lyric of birds
chanting in foot's time

around the hard line
unwinding in the coil

shedding to a widening sky
up to the hearth
the tower's centred line

Anwen strikes
in slender ropes
attaches Head to Toe
Lifting & Pummelling
gates Open wide
a chain slides
High & Low

The tower's interior has a seated arrangement as if for conversation – some later day contractor missing the point or hiding it. While I stand in its centre, children laugh & run through while their mom chats on a cell phone.

When Fear of a Horrible Prognosis Meets Her in a Sacred Place

“... during Saint-David’s birth on the cliff top, in a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, a stone on which St-Non leaned, split in sympathy and the imprints of her hands were left in the stone”

Myths & Legends of
Wales, p.46

In a little church yard, she gave us milkweed seeds and had us make a prayer.
The bundles like butterflies billowed and danced with our laughter,
broke open the cliff’s line and sped in a parade into the sea.

In St Non’s honoured church, in its one humble room,
she picked up a paper and wrote wishes and lit a candle. And in a basket
she left her thoughts about the matter for the congregation to read.

On the cliff, water from the sacred well above trickled out, made its natural way
past layered rocks and pockmarked spots and jagged broken scree.
She whispered to the ocean and gently beat her hand drum.

When, somewhere in the round of that afternoon’s corners,
the light pulled into the horizon and nothing was promised.
But in the days that came with illness stalking her, we would remember

St-Non’s well, the cold water on our feet and the spill of blessing over our hair.
We would remember how it felt to need nothing more than prayer.

By noon, after we have been playing and praying at the well for several hours, the maintenance men arrive hauling large weed eaters and gasoline tanks. They stop at the entrance, seeing our silence & the intensity of our little gathering. We ignore them. We ignore them with all our minds, all our wishing. They wait politely while we finish. One person says “blessed be”, and a gentle chorus follows of “amen” “migwitch” “namaste” & “ho”. We pick up our bags, start chatting and laughing, and run away quickly before the sound of mowers ruins our mood.

Dragon Rock at St-Non's Well

There are places where the land refuses to comply.
Places humans are not invited. Welcome denied.
Where an ant will sit overly long and
fall into nowhere as a spaceship might a black hole.
There are places the land is more hole than
place. More like water and oil mixing
uncomfortably. Where refusal to merge
defines a place. Places where putting down
roots to calm dizziness causes alarm,
like reaching out to a tree as you fall
and the trunk collapses. Security denied.

In Wales, the Dragon takes many forms and is everywhere: on beer glasses, on tavern signs, on flags. I wonder what it remembers? I want to know what it forgets. I go to this massive stone alone, all my companions busy with post-picnic naps.

Dragon Rock at St-Non's Well II

You are a misaligned creature – your tattoos of red
and black slashed in long diagonal bands announce
you as foreigner – you are a fortress island punched
into the land – your massive back round against
jagged coastal lines – your one arm cradling a lullaby
beach while the other jousts with a gut of raging tide
– you breath in and out as if slipping on your
moorings after the continental shift – a prosthesis,
an alien, a refugee

After sitting on your spine, I walk away nauseous.
You pull tendrils at my back. Spread wings as I leave.
Big papery wings clawed from my shoulder blades. I
shudder them away, but they are here, now, lacy
black appendages beating, restless. I tuck them up,
hide them in shadow. Pretend I never met you.

Evolution “implies a continual recording of duration, a persistence of the past in the present, and so an appearance, at least, of organic memory”.

Bergson, *Creative Evolution*,

Out of Potentials

First of all, what are one- and zero-dimensional spheres?

Brian Greene,
The Elegant Universe
discussing black holes

out in the distorted periphery – out in bent space – a hole
slides in – graceful speed and lands – black – awkward
gait in buttercups and clover – making a moving hole in
the charged abundance of summer wildflowers – vortex
or crow – or both

all the obscurity of the *not* and the *is*
all the *nothing is everything*
all the *knowing by mindful not knowing*

it is hard to know when it is the right right
but when it is wrong, it is unmistakeable

avoidance takes me where i need to go
a void in the knot
a void dance

Vertigo at Cader Idris

six directions to fly and wingless

in a space exacerbated by space –
a mouth of sky – in the
geometry of shale walls and
ledges – in the free of fall and
falcon sight – eyes peeling
distances – in the sharded
horizon of peaks – in the
yearning to rise from gravity's
hole – in cosmic laughter – in
sheep turds and heather impudent
in rock piles and bog fields – in
the spruce of valley's gut
buffering an imagined landing –
in the wasteland of air between
this shale dust and that sudden
stop – in the way it inhales – its
mouth wide – seducing – in the
way heart wants the fall – in the
way body refuses

When I am truly myself, I crouch at a cliff ledge, my toes grabbing a ribbed boulder, my elbows bent and ready to open, my eyes scanning tree tops for moving prey.

Shapeshifter

defined by the lines of skin which separate – chronicle of time and place -
imprisoned in this engagement – what a horror – surreal to be so contained – to be
blocked by this force of categorical

would burst forth as bear eagle male female son daughter – would
burst forth as else – monster dragon bee

to see one other beyond my lines and to know also that she is engaged in the same
abstract – as confused as i or as oblivious – licking herself on a rug
as if such dialogue with self was easy

would burst forth as dandelion poet tree

and you my son and daughter mother sister brother father – you
would not recognize me in the street - even if i were naked -
and you passed close by

“It follows, itself; it follows itself. It could say ‘I am,’ ‘I follow,’ ‘I follow
myself,’ I am (in following) myself.” Je suis, Je suis.

Derrida,
Animal Therefore I am

Anyone Who Spends the Night on Cader Idris Will Die, or Return Mad or a Poet

I travelled in the earth before I was proficient in learning

Taliesin, "Battle of
the Trees"

once
and again once

time layers until the piling on the piling contains the gems and the
corpses of everything we might once have to become

I will prophesy not badly

time circles a cliff bay at the saddle of Cader Idris – sometimes a red
kite with her fragmented cry – her beak poking at singularities -
sometimes in wave pulses of wind she flies on – but always in cliff
rocks who chant in such long breaths that listening with my feet is the
only way to hear

*I was enchanted by the sage
Of sages, in the primitive world*

toes reach with mind's pause so that time's flight rushes and stalls long
enough to speak – rooted into the strata so that mountain's layers are
places where kites circle on a wind – rocks singing and moving –
laughter in the ages of their becoming

The mountain has become crooked

I am rocked in the full embrace
I am kite circling with a cry

I travelled, I made a circuit

and then silence

I have been a tear in the air

once
and again once

I played in the twilight

I climb alone all day and descend, my feet hot & blistering. I had tried to convince
myself to spend the night at the summit, to experience its dangers for myself, but
when I find a hot meal and large bath I am glad to have escaped the impulse.

Sonnet for a Stone Circle

There is nothing more to see – even when the Gower and Anglesey
wait. The hills above Pistyll Rhaeadr have it all. Skins shed

and beaten by weather. Dustings of bone and tooth
nearby. Bog pool snares. Bouncing lambs. Wing tail feathers

undone. A hip unfleshed. Distant white circle
reshapes itself. Elongates into more sheep. Water thrashes

in saw toothed crevice where an old tree bends
in cliff cracks. Hanging on. Bowl of hollowed

hills spins a vortex without filters
but for the insistence of scrub and sheep.

And somewhere where you'd expect it to be,
at the center of the spiral, at the navel, at the sky hole,

a level welcome. A circle of twelve, and a thirteenth
hiding in a bit of bracken and thick reed grass.

Gary, who reminds me of the Green Man with his clear eyes and wide beard, points obliquely to the miles of wilderness and hills above the waterfall and says: "It's up there where you'd expect to find a stone circle. There isn't a path as no one goes up." And when pressed, he says, "Oh maybe a good hour. You can't miss it."

Waterfall on Afon Dulas

in the long rock corridor - water spouts into smooth slices of itself -
waters the air - makes a prisoner of holes and curls in the flat bottomed
stop

the water falls - narrow lanyard of storm - tangles in the rocks - sorts
itself out - angles wider - slips quieter until the next rock gut

I climb into the long rock corridor - angled with rare invitation: a toe
hold a finger hole a balancing load - I wish to be fish or bear or hawk
to swim to wade to fly - to enter without the spread against cold gravity
and height

don't look down
look forward look

I push into its maw

It is said that in this valley Arawn, King of the Otherworld, sought the help of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed. The waterfall is contained by the estate of Ffynone wood, unmarked except by a foot trail in, and it is contained by the looks and smiles that the locals give one another as they pass, complicit in their speculation that this is the place two worlds meet, this one and that Other. My companion, herself a local, provides me this information, but what she cannot tell me is how to move effortlessly between the two worlds.

Metabody

“We may find (the persistence of errors) in the natural obstinacy with which we treat the living as lifeless and think all reality, however fluid, under the form of sharply defined solid. We are at ease only in the discontinuous, in the immobile, in the dead. The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life”

Bergson, *Creative Evolution*

walking on water is a trick– tiptoes up streams and splash puddles –
slippery skin where air and water meet – an edge where they speak –
more than a glance – a quantum line of neither – nor both – physics
burning a hole in my feet –molecular existentialism – play at being
both water and air – learn to walk there – learn to walk deep

The colour of Arawn’s dogs – red – is the key to informing us, the reader, of his status as Otherwordly; but for me it is the subversive violence of falling water which compacts all sights and sounds into a singular place and keeps me forgetful of all else.

Waterfall on Afon Dulas II

"The singular magic of a place is evident from what happens there, from what befalls oneself and others when in its vicinity".

Abrams, *Spell of the Sensuous*, p.182

suspended above and barely hanging on
I push into its maw

until I must turn
until I must return

and the way out is not the way in
and the way out is not

As we leave, returning up the trail past swans on a pond, two older women arrive. My companion, always wanting to talk, stops. Tells them I have come from far away to see the place where Arawn's hounds ran hard. One of the women asks, sheepishly, whether we believe in fairies. The other says that she has been scared all her life to come to this place for fear of being taken. "I have brought my friend," she adds, "to make sure I come back."

Pentre Ifan

just some stones in a field
a table set for giants

*In her womb a child
I have been matured*

Taliesin, "The Hostile
Confederacy"

once they laid those initiates in
laid them in so they could die

*I have been an offering before the Guledig
I have been dead, I have been alive*

and laid them in a dead dark
in a slow unravelling

*... of what she gave me
Scarcely can be recounted*

to undo
until undone is done

On its plaque, this Neolithic Dolmen has a note about its age and speculation about its use as burial mound. Then: "...also known as Ceridwen's womb". From this I suspect it is not a burial mound, but an initiation site.

Pentre Ifan II

when called to enter there is no refusing

*In the deep, below the earth;
In the sky, above the earth.*

Taliesin, "The Hostile
Confederacy"

make certain that you are prepared
make certain that the Grandmothers want you there
make certain that the wind will find you there

*In the deep, below the earth;
In the sky, above the earth.*

otherwise, in the pitch of a steady night
in the steady roar of silence
in the faint gasps of the others as dread rises
in the punishing waiting
in hunger's clinging presence and thirst's visions
you will be called to terror and to death

*In the deep, below the earth;
In the sky, above the earth.
There is one who knows
What sadness is,
Better than joy.*

I sit for awhile under the stones, the air breathing with me, hot. I cannot close my eyes enough to shut out the light, to imagine the chamber black belly of earth holding me holding my emptiness holding death until I can make peace with it. And then I can.

Pentre Ifan III

A second time was I formed

Taliesin, "The Hostile
Confederacy"

i am saddled in her belly – strapped around the dark and the more
dark – hunger fades to absence – death visits – invited – my body
exists without my help

and then a door opens and i

am pulled – as reluctant to leave as I was at first to enter – hostile
environment once familiar - once deemed necessary –

now screaming with daylight - unbearable with the thoughts of
people

not a
cell in
my body
sleeps –
not a
thought
which is
not
spread
open like
the legs
of a
woman
in labour

I wake as from a sleep when a family arrives. Crawl out from under the stones even
though they are plenty high to walk under. Sit on the hill below the dolmen,
watching the hawks circling. They call once, twice, and drift lazily to the east. I
look down on myself as if in their skin. See a small person crouched on a hill
surrounded by wide fields and small woods.

When Autoepistemic Closure Fails

“...when I experience myself directly as a Self, I by definition enact an epistemologically illegitimate short circuit”

Zizek, “Freedom Loop”

when the kaleidoscope of ever shifting fractals, the world as performance
blossoming in mathematical refrains which entertain and distract,
suddenly blanks out

flips

like peering down a telescope from the wrong end – peering around its sharp bend
past metamorphosing singularities – & it zooms in – crashes – halts

big eyes of un-self seeing self – self selfless unconscious consciousness – conscious
selflessness self seeing unconsciousness -

a not-me watching another not-me me – invoking in that gaze not some intimate
moment of recognition – not the complicity of friendship – not a wink a jest a smile
a kiss – not a hug –

but a shock – as if someone has opened the door to let the infinite out

I get up from the hill. Thank the hawks and their circuitous path in the Preseli Hills.
I say to myself that I am hungry. Search for the keys to my car. Decide on the
restaurant in Newport, the one with good soup and dark bread.

Ty Canol Wood

The sun looks up at the trees, caresses them from the underground as it falls,
shows me their true colours, ready to reveal the way if only I could forget my humanity:

paradox is I know what I am missing and I am missing it because I know
paradox is I would have it no other way

as much I as admire the trees, I am not ready to be that perfect.

I pause before entering the forest as if something is being asked of me first. I sit outside,
offer tobacco and then, not knowing why, lay down a small stone that has come from the
hills above Hatshepsut's tomb. A brown stone the size of a finger. I lay it on the tobacco
in the grass and wonder who will find it there or whether the grass will swallow it and
take it back into the earth.

Ty Canol Wood II

green. moss. lichen. oaks. holly. stones. water.
add leaves, hills, caves, and sky. more lichen.
words describe but tell nothing of what they hide.

green in the recesses of a cave where sun has not met itself
transcribed into a different language
spat out here

everywhere incomplete
wanting to be more green.
insatiable appetite inhabiting
rocks trunks branches earth.
even the sky seems green in this canopy
of lichen moss green.

enter the woods to be taken.
by the green. by the moss.
there are worlds lodged in the green.
lodged in the moss.

it is not green.
look closer.
see less.

the stones are giggling.

The truths I conjure out of the apparently unverifiable are made exceptional, not by the proofs which come later, like the atoms of the mystics finally showing up on physicists' reality screens; no they are made exceptional by the conjuring.

Oh that is a sticky sentence is it not?

As sticky as the narrow slits through which probabilities pass.

Ty Canol Wood III

dissecting time in a hospice of moss – layers of it folded into an arabesque of paths – micro trails and tailings leaned into by crooked old oak – rock piles plundered by eyes staring from every filament of shadow – seeing both ways – the living and the once living

I follow him with my other eyes: brown dusted cap and wool cloak, big beaten boots, staff with rows of scratch marks: Ogham letters. The staff looks at me and warns me to stay away. He walks past gardens, hoes struck ready to seed, a smiling wake of scholars bidding him welcome. He is the new boy as yet un-named. Call him Gwion for now, call him by his old name.

I want to stay in this woods and sleep in the dreaming beds. I want to listen to the stones for days, for weeks. I want to map the old pathways which are hidden by forest growth and neglect, but which I see like a childhood memory of my home. As I leave, I kick up a stone which is blue-ish in its interior, unremarkable except that it is in the shape of a pyramid and fits my pocket.

Swansea

busy at the shore – tourists on a sunny sunday – dogs and balls and
climbing tricks – ragged cliffs in pockmarked lips - caves and blow holes
booming rhythms of trance – shredding sand particles in crashing contests
– shoosh boom shoossss

A year earlier, on a dream journey following a hawk, I was brought to a tree a mile inland on a coast which I found later in an atlas. Now, after Pentre Ifan, after Pistyll Rhaeadr, after Ty Canol, I drive to Swansea, this place I found in an atlas after following a hawk in my dreaming. But how to find a tree in an afternoon when there are miles of coast and many thousands of trees?

Trinity Spring, Illston

GORAM COF. COF CREFYDD
1st Baptist Church in Wales
1649-1660
Founder John Myles
Pre-reformation
Chapel of Trinity Well

i know it – the crisp edge of floor stones craft a familiar square
but gone are walls and roof pews candles cross congregation
a church once claiming moss and grass and trees
now claimed

a willow stands guard – water sheds the filter of the earth to
slide into view

cannot hear the ocean – cannot see the way it has filled with people

time flows as earth rounds the sun and the moon sounds the
days – and the milky way sheds those rings oh so slowly

I find the tree of my dreaming by having a good day on the beach and by going for a walk inland from my Inn after dinner. And I know it by the ribbons and roses, tiger's eye and quartz carefully arranged at the base of an ancient willow. And I know it because, for the first time since arriving in this country, I am ready to go home.

Trinity Spring, Illston II

visitors have stopped by

in the dark moon, in the full moon, in its waning and waxing – under the
horned god and with Diana's blessing - by candlelight and lamplight – visits
with intention to bless and heal – visits in accidental passing, stalled for a
sip – visits of hawk to fall unbound with a click – visits of eight in a coven
to sing for the willow, the oak, the yew – visits to play in spring's garlic
surges – visit of sun streaking the ribs of poplar on the hill – as babies as
parents as daughters and sons as the dying as the sick as the old seeking the
new – visits to take up the water give thanks or to wash a wound

I sing for hours at the base of the willow and when I leave, I leave tobacco and a
feather I found on the hills of Cader Idris.

Part 3 – Echoes

“Expressive language is separated into its assertible...and its non-assertible (diaphor) elements. Now ‘diaphor’ is an old Max Muller term and means transference of meaning away from a thing to an unusual or specialized meaning – but unlike metaphor, through a number of other associations. In other words, in metaphor there is a one-to-one relationship, in diaphor a one-to many relationship”

Ford, *Ystoria*, p.20

I don't know what is relevant or what is irrelevant. It seems to me that the question is divisive and unnecessarily absolute. If I were to say that everything is relevant, then where is discrimination? If nothing relevant, then where is meaning? I'm compressing a large conversation in my desire to breach the divides and to pray, if I can use that word, to the great and wonderful mystery of paradox. This manuscript is my answer to an important question: why is any of this important now?

Echoes I

to remember another way of being
to be another way of remembering

to abandon form
to form abandon

to unite without body
to embody unity

Echoes II

When did the earth stop being your cushion
and your table? We agreed that eighteenth- and
nineteenth-century poets almost And when did the
fish stop teaching still-

Kinell, "On the
Oregon Coast"

movement? When will *The deeply mysterious powers that the shaman enters into
a rapport* owls show you how to read silhouette light and why did spruce stop
encouraging you to sing and

Abrams, p. 4

had to personify, it was like mouth-to-mouth
resuscitation, the only way they could imagine to keep the world
from turning Do you consult bears for

secrets to dreaming? Why did snakes stop *are ultimately the same forces...*
revealing new things and how did you forget to thank the vision of the worm and
the mission of the bee? *that to literate "civilized" Europeans are just so*

much scenery. When will you learn history from a stone and
elegance from a trout lily?

into dead matter.

Echoes III

"In vain we force the living into this or that one of our moulds. All moulds crack. They are too narrow, above all too rigid..."

Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, p. xx

To be or not to be
Die often! die die die

Human life as a calculus in which zero is irrational
Die in the shallows of a birch branch thirty feet up
and die on a cliff in a hawk's banked glide

Lee Edelman on *Hamlet*,
Derrida and Lacan

Survival survives by precipitating the differential order it refuses
Die in the standing wave of a waterfall landing
and die jumping

It's the affirmation of a living being who prefers living and... surviving to death
Die at the bottom of an ocean dark glow

Hamlet's restless returns to the site of non-knowledge
Die looking back to earth from a moon crater

The object of desire...merely fills out the place and so covers the absence
Die swinging down the funnel of a black hole

Memory to be supplemented...must also be supplanted
Die following a rabbit into the earth and die tasting lava at its center

Survival results from the mark of an absence absenting the very absence that it marks
Die chasing snowflakes or tornadoes or monsoons

a self contradictory sign of loss to keep loss from taking place
Die howling at the earth from the moon

It is not a pretty sight to shift the shape of form
to shake frame and bones, to owl one's eyes,
evolutionism would arrive at an idea of evolution
that does not necessarily operate by filiation
to claw one's hands and dismiss the petty conventions
of skin and thumb. It is not a pretty sight.

Ideas do not die

In one line I say I am eagle, I am salmon, I am grain of wheat.
The stories make it simple, but it is not a pretty sight
to disturb the raw muscle of familiarity,

Levi-Strauss's famous text on totemism:

transcend external resemblances to arrive at internal homologies.

to undo the wicked struggle to walk upright,
to unbed the urgent talent of words breathed
through a ferocious mind capable of naming stars,
becoming is not an evolution –

it concerns alliance.

to allow the snake's forked tongue a voice
and the doubled sight of falcon's dive, and the threaded toe
of a wild boar tempered by a captive nose which slides
under the earth and dredges all things musty and old.

"Your tortoises aren't real!" Possibly Lawrence replies,
but my becoming is, my becoming is real.

Deleuze, "Becoming Intense,
Becoming Animal,...",

“see” fails:
intimate understanding is understanding which is implicit
ghosts are not seen:
I should perhaps justify my very heavy reliance on the idea of context
they take space:
but we felt the weight of it only when we felt a lack in it
they push a lack into common absence:
a private meaning is not more arbitrary
ghost-nothing shoves common absence aside:
but this can only perpetrate – it will not penetrate – a new reality
occupies it:
where meaning...depends on me,(it) is performative
fills air just air:
something I am doing...not something I am wishing
seeing something not visible:
people appeal to a rule when we deserve more intimate attention from them
where see is a word that fails

Cavell, “Must
We Mean What
We Say?”

Echoes VI

“A genuinely ecological approach does not work to attain a mentally envisioned future, but strives to enter, ever more deeply, into the sensorial present”

Abrams, *Spell of the Sensuous*, p. 272

the minute I explain something I am in my time
he sets the arms he sets the heads he angles the frame and lifts her into his
arms she falls they embrace he pulls them apart he sets the arms he
nothing I say has value except in the spaces
sets the heads he angles the frame and lifts her into his arms she falls they
embrace he pulls them apart he sets the arms he sets the heads he
between my words, my breath, my molecules
sets the arms he sets the heads he angles the frame and lifts her into his
arms she falls they embrace he pulls them apart he sets the arms he sets
which you can hear when I have finished
the heads he angles the frame and lifts her into his arms she falls they
embrace she rises into his arms she falls she rises into an embrace she
in the spaces I call little deaths
falls she rises into his arms she falls she rises into an embrace she falls she
rises into his arms she falls she falls she falls she falls she falls she
the spaces you rise into after I circle round them
falls she rises into an embrace she falls she rises into his arms she falls she
falls she falls she falls she falls she falls she falls she falls she falls
the spaces new words fall into

After Pina Bausch,
Cafe Muller

Echoes VII

I was in Many Shapes Before I was Released

Taliesin, "The Battle of
the Trees"

I take
death visits often and eager reception is needed
I take my
you have died many times tragic only in the un-telling
I take my body
grip handled without care peel away or jump
I take my body as I
dance into death's song or wait five centuries
I take my body as I go
abandon the hold & go
I take my body as I go
I leave my body and take
my body as I go
in a place of dying under the gaze of death experts
I leave my body
who will not advise but who smile and console:
I leave my
it is a trip made alone from here to not here
I leave
and even spirit will not walk you
over that river
I leave I go I leave
but will wait until you decide
my body
and meet you when you arrive
I go

Echoes VIII: Womb/ed.

I wait for poetry as I walk. Sometimes I get a first
line handed to me as if from the ether. The
ancients prayed before recitals, called on the

silence! i am not thinking & will not be distracted from it

muse. We all do that in different ways. Sometimes
just making a cup of coffee is enough. I know
there is a poem waiting when my

zero is irrational and One

belly boils. The Welsh fili lay in the dark during
daylight hours in dreaming beds, constructing
vision into poetry so that they might share it with

many qualities of dark

their peers later under the moon, under the stars,
in front of a fire. They passed through Ceridwen's
womb, an initiation ritual,

inside a stone there is a drowning happening and all is well

before being invited to the academy. Some
scholars say that the training to be a poet was a
minimum of twelve years – memorizing and

zero is playful

composing. Taliesin is the chief among these. He
is a myth or a historical man. The two are blurred.
I do not understand his poetry. It is not

symmetry makes fools of us all

just difficult: translated into English, it still seems
to be in another language. Yet, when he asks
“what is the imagination of the trees”? I get

it is distasteful to pretend the invisible does not exist

excited. Myth tells the story of his development
from a boy who accidentally spills a magic brew on
his thumb from the cauldron of poetic inspiration,

death is a metaphor

how he transforms into different animals with
Ceridwen in pursuit, how she swallows him and
he gestates in her womb, how he is reborn

little people are easy to see when you know where to look and how to behave

exquisite and named Radiant Brow by his patron,
Elphin. Good stories, these, for poets. Somewhere
in them are clues on how to be a poet and

a dragon is much faster than a hawk and much slower to turn

shaman. In those days, a poet was the same as
being the king's advisor, prophet, priest, historian,
scientist, diviner, healer, advocate and promoter.

zero is paradoxical

Good days for poets. Poets were relevant. I think
of the Egyptian architects of the tombs in the
Valley of the Dead. Their artistry wasn't just

there are many qualities of death

about pictures: the pictures created passage for the
Pharaoh to transform from life to death. Important
stuff that – at least as far as the Egyptians were

except for you there is Nothing

concerned. Our ancestors took these things
seriously. Poetry.
Death.

when was the last time you spoke to your ancestors?

Part 4 – Plane of Consistency

“..the plane of consistency cuts across them all, intersects them in order to bring in to coexistence any number of multiplicities, with any number of forms. Therefore all becomings are written like sorcerers’ drawings on this plane of consistency, which is the ultimate Door providing a way out for them”

Deleuze, “Becoming
Intense, Becoming
Animal, p. 251

Return

When any force reaches its saturation point in a moment of entropy, momentum at its fulcrum reaching a kind of stasis, it will either crash forward into the new with creative evolution or it will tumble backwards on itself and implode. Returning from the dead is closure as re-alignment. Translation as transformation. Iteration as interpretation. Re-birth as inspiration. Excitement, euphoria, ecstasy, grace. The past becomes future. Fear becomes adrenaline. Absence fills with presence and the filters fail. Meaning runs rampant.

3 items from the grocery bag after goldsmith (spinach) epinard bebe /kg ingredients :
 162808x emp. le 16/01/2011 meil av. 21/1/2011 .235 kg 8.00 \$1.88 net kg prix total s.
 bourassa st-sauveur ltee st-sauveur qc iga iga 8507 680 chemin du village morin heights
 06-54 (cheese) empaquete le janv 04, 11 meilleur avant janv 25,11 poids net kg prix
 unitaire prix total 0.245 kg \$52.89/kg \$12.96 gruyere grotte caved gruyere ingredients :
 fait de lait cru culture bacterienne sel presure enzyme mg 32% humidity 36% valeur
 nutritive nutrition facts pour 100g per 100g tenure %valeur quotidienne amount & daily
 value calories/calories 400 lipides/fat 32g satures/saturated 19g +trans fat 15g 95%
 cholesterol/cholesterol 100mg sodium/sodium 600 mg 26% glucides/carbohydrate 0 g
 0% fibres/fibre 0g sucres/sugar 0g proteines/protein 27g vitamine A/vitamin A 30%
 vitamine C/vitamin C 0% calcium/calcium 80% fer/iron 2% (tostitos) new nouveau 0
 trans fat 0 gras tran tostitos blue corn mais bleu fraicheur garantie guaranteed fresh until
 printed date jusqu'a la date inclus fe 1 515333113 56 1 : 52 toatitos salsa medium
 moyenne the goodness of blue corn les beinfaits du mais bleu 250g chips tortilla chips we
 use real blue corn to make our uniquely delicious tostitos blue corn tortilla chips is there
 such a thing as blue corn there are several varieties of corn including yellow white and
 blue and the colour of tostitos blue corn tortilla chips comes naturally from the kernel so
 there are no artificial colours or flavours for more information von blue corn visit
 tostitos.ca nous utilisons du vrai mais bleu pour fabriquer nos delicieuses chips tortilla
 mais bleu tostitos le mais bleu exist-il vraiment absolument il existe differentes variete
 de mais dont le jaune le blanc et le bleu et les chips tortilla mais bleu de tostitos tirent
 naturellement leur couleur de leurs grains ces chips tortilla ne contiennent donc aucun
 colorant ni arome artificiels pour en savoir plus sur le mais bleu visitez le site tostitos.ca
 tostitos salsa medium moyenne suggested serving presentation sugere what makes
 tostitos blue corn tortilla chips even better new tostitos best ever salsa made with vine
 ripened tomatoes fresh onions zest jalapeno peppers and just a touch of

boring boring – it is interesting to note what we do not see –
 bombarded by textual stimuli it is necessary to shut down – to frame – to edit – to protect
 – to manage – *not* seeing is disturbed so that remedial seeing happens – what is also
not seen is the pile up of bodies in the world news broadcasts and the one armed guy at
 the bottom of the escalator guy/concordia metro and the billboards on the 15 autoroute
 north and south which present distractions from a line of red lights bordering on
 mesmerizing at 120 k/per hour – Notseeing:

the ability to think of what is not¹ - what is out
 of fingertip and eye range uncoloured
 and not smelt and not held against
 a surveyor's glass and carpenter's level²
 un-levelled by any shadow cave³ imprint

¹ Sartre. (God died [ii] and went to imagination [i]) ?

² Only love, He says to his twelve, is the great leveller [iii].

³ Can this glorious earthly life be a mere cave on which the shadows of reality play for me in my mind's
 reach, gaining lugubrious ground [iv] with silhouettes parched from a radiance that is beyond the lip of the

or other wise tracing and trapping⁴
 called En Sof by those who made
 mystic trees of not knowing
 and by those who made not proving
 a virtue woven in mind's sternum eye
 conjured in mantra breathing and burning⁵
 words sung upwards against
 the current⁶ until splits unseal the soul⁷
 spilling all un-matter
 in meaningful waves across an invisible
 horizon⁸ mixing endless unknowing⁹

[i] imagination (archaic):

a scheme, a plot, a plan

(Dictionary.com)

[ii] died:

Every time I visited Aymen's mother in that old Cairo apartment,
 she would repeat the last
 exchange she had with her son. "No you won't go",
 Umm Aymen had told her son. "I have to"
 Aymen said. "No" she said, "You won't go."

(Hisham Matar, Manchester Guardian, Jan 27. 2011)

[iii] leveller:

(The Arab leaders) know that freedom is contagious

(Nouri Ghana, Manchester Guardian, Jan 28 13:00 GMT)

cave entrance and me entranced by shadows? Plato, how did you not despair with such an imagination for what could be?

⁴ "...every concept grasped by the mind becomes an obstacle [v] in the quest for those who search." –

Gregory of Nyessa, *Commentary on the Song of Songs*, (590-640ce)

⁵ "...Forget phraseology [vi].

I want burning, *burning*.

Be friends

with your burning. Burn up your thinking

and your forms of expression."

- Rumi

⁶ Flood waters pour from a reasoned lineage [vii], linking us so that speech and highways function and something like cooperation happens. But why is it dangerous to dive under into silence where the waterfall's source can be known as if from above? Only to keep small what could be boundless [viii].
 Imagine if everyone could swim there!

⁷ Imagined in *The Zohar*, by Abraham Abulafia (1240-1291), who wandered from Spain to the near East to sew little threads along the mystical way, from Kabbala to the Pope to the Tibetan Buddhists to the future in psycho analytics – teaching how to go beyond normal consciousness and discover a whole new world.

⁸ Do you feel the horizon in the longing to be bigger than you are, to see outside conventional reach [ix] and to grasp what is sometimes spoken of in whispers by those who are afraid [x] of the people who claim to know?

⁹ But nevertheless [xi] somehow, somewhere, some way, known.

[iv] ground:

Nothing goes off suddenly;
even the earthquake's set in motion from the depth of the earth
to the rooftops of villages

(Robin Yassin-Kassab, Manchester Guardian, Jan 27. 2011)

[v] obstacle:

The bulldozers have stopped
because now everything is blocked here;
because now is not the time to build,
but to wait silently for the unnameable

(Joumana Haddad, Manchester Guardian, Feb 28. 2011, 13:00 GMT)

[vi]: forget phraseology:

...they (the world) are watching a people whose imaginations have been released
(Mona Eltahowy, columnist for paper Al Qatar)

[vii] lineage:

empty pyramids!

(photo caption, CBC news, Feb 1, 2011)

[viii] boundless:

Tahir square has lost its menace and
suddenly becomes the most exhilarating place in the world

(N. Kristof, N.Y. Times Jan 31, 2011)

[ix] conventional:

This photo
of a woman kissing
a police officer has been
circulating on Twitter.

(CBC news photo caption of woman kissing cop, Tahir square, Jan 28.11)

[x] afraid:

the tyrant only exists
in the imagination of his subjects

(Tamin Al Barghouti, Manchester Guardian, Jan. 28 13:00 GMT)

[xi] not nevertheless:

Naguib Mahfouz, Nobel Lecture, 1988, 1st page not translated [more not
translation follows]. Read right to left.

نجيب محفوظ خطاب الاحتفال بتسلم جائزة نوبل

سيداتي ، سادتي

في البدء أشكر الأكاديمية السويدية ولجنة نوبل التابعة لها على إلتفاتها الكريم الاجتهادي المثابر الطويل وأرجو أن تتقبلوا بسعة صدر حديتي إليكم بلغة غير معروفة لدى الكثيرين منكم ، ولكنها هي الفائز الحقيقي بالجائزة ، فمن الواجب أن تسبح أنغامها في واحتكم الحضارية لأول مرة . واني كبير الأمل ألا تكون المرة الأخيرة ، وأن يسعد الأدباء من قومي بالجلوس بكل جدارة بين ادبائكم العالميين - الذين نشروا أريج البهجة والحكمة في دنيانا المليئة بالشجن .

سادتي

أخبرني مندوب جريدة أجنبية في القاهرة بأن لحظة إعلان اسمي مقرونا بالجائزة ساد الصمت وتساءل كثيرون عمن أكون . فاسمحوا لي أن أقدم لكم نفسي بالموضوعية التي تتيحها الطبيعة البشرية . أنا ابن حضارتين تزوجتا في عصر من عصور التاريخ زواجا موفقا . أولاهما عمرها سبعة آلاف سنة وهي الحضارة الفرعونية ، وثانيتهما عمرها ألف وأربعمائة سنة وهي الحضارة الإسلامية . ولعلي لست في حاجة إلى تعريف بأي من الحضارتين لأحد منكم ، وأنتم من أهل الصفوة والعلم ، ولكن لا بأس من التذكير ونحن في مقام النجوى والتعارف .

وعن الحضارة الفرعونية لن أتحدث عن الغزوات وبناء الامبراطوريات فقد أصبح ذلك من المفاخر البالية التي لا ترتاح لذكرها الضمائر الحديثة والحمد لله . ولن أتحدث عن اهدائها لأول مرة إلى الله سبحانه وتعالى وكشفها عن فجر الضمير البشري ، فلذلك مجال طويل فضلا عن أنه لا يوجد بينكم من لم يلم بسيرة الملك النبي أخناتون ، بل لن أتحدث عن انجازاتها في الفن والأدب ومعجزاتها الشهيرة الاهرام وأبو الهول والكرنك . فمن لم يسعده الحظ بمشاهدة تلك الآثار فقد قرأ عنها وتأمل صورها . دعوني أقدمها - الحضارة الفرعونية - بما يشبه القصة طالما أن الظروف الخاصة بي قضت بأن أكون قصاصا ، فتفضلوا بسماع هذه الواقعة التاريخية المسجلة . تقول أوراق البردي أن أحد الفراعنة قد نما إليه أن علاقة أئمة نشأت بين بعض نساء الحريم وبعض رجال الحاشية . وكان المتوقع أن يجهز على الجميع فلا يشذ في تصرفه عن مناخ زمانه . ولكنه دعا إلى حضرته نخبة من رجال القانون ، وطالبهم بالتحقيق فيما نما إلى علمه ،

وقال لهم إنه يريد الحقيقة ليحكم بالعدل . ذلك السلوك في رأيي أعظم من بناء امبراطورية وتشبيد الاهرامات وأدل على تفوق الحضارة من أي أبهة أو ثراء . وقد زالت الامبراطورية وأمست خبرا من أخبار الماضي ، وسوف يتلاشى الاهرام ذات يوم ولكن الحقيقة والعدل سيبقيان مادام في البشرية عقل يتطلع أو ضمير ينبض .

وعن الحضارة الإسلامية فلن أحدثكم عن دعوتها إلى اقامة وحدة بشرية في رحاب الخالق تنهض على الحرية والمساواة والتسامح ، ولا عن عظمة رسولها ، فمن مفكريكم من كرسه كأعظم رجل في تاريخ البشرية ، ولا عن فتوحاتها التي غرست آلاف المآذن الداعية للعبادة والتقوى والخير على امتداد أرض مترامية ما بين مشارف الهند والصين وحدود فرنسا ، ولا عن المآخاة التي تحققت في حضنها بين الأديان والعناصر في تسامح لم تعرفه الانسانية من قبل ولا من بعد ، ولكني سأقدمها في موقف درامي - مؤثر - يلخص سمة من أبرز سماتها ، ففي إحدى معاركها الظافرة مع الدولة البيزنطية ردت الأسرى في مقابل عدد من كتب الفلسفة والطب والرياضة من التراث الإغريقي العتيق ، وهي شهادة قيمة للروح الانساني في طموحه إلى العلم والمعرفة ، رغم أن الطالب يعتنق ديناً سماوياً والمطلوب ثمرة حضارة وثنية .

قدر لي يأسادة أن أولد في حضن هاتين الحضارتين ، وأن أرضع لبناهما وأتغذى على آدابهما وفنونهما ، ثم ارتويت من رحيق ثقافتكم الثرية الفاتنة . ومن وحي ذلك كله بالاضافة إلى شجوني الخاصة - ندت عني كلمات ، أسعدها الحظ باستحقاق تقدير أكاديميتكم الموقرة فتوجت

I am thinking there is no reason to leave this notaplace.

Outside, grey clouds fumble with a ridge of mountains, lancing edges and borders.
Pine tree re-negotiates terms of agreement between them.
one day the great pyramids will disappear too

Naguib Mahfouz,
Nobel prize
acceptance speech

Coffee is delivered by a camel with whiffs of an Arabian wind,
dusty and committed to expansion
in spite of everything that goes on around us I am committed to optimism

A natural spring gurgles in the cupboard.
Priestesses dance around it and leave flowers.
be not spectators to our miseries

William Blake in the armchair chats with De Pizan, both looking for the mystics.
Butterflies and birds flutter and land, make live wallpaper.
we are in an age of leaders responsible for the whole globe

Mozart and Ella play in the sun room. Light falls on his fingers and they laugh.
Honey oozes from a corner crack and leaks slowly into a hive of books
is not every vessel coloured by what it contains?

In the hall, Lao Tzu teaches yoga. He has been upside down for two days
Mohandas prays with ten thousand CEOs.
I feel I may have somewhat troubled your calm

Tomorrow I believe Lassie and Jane Goodall will be here.
I am hoping that the prophet-king Ankh-en-aton will come soon
because he must know by now that he was born too early.
fortunately, art is generous and sympathetic

be all things at once finalizing in one thing in one and then one and this multiple
spectrum like kaleidoscope like implosion like explosion and this wondering drug like
infusion is not about space or time or as event horizon or duration or multiples or fractals
though all these are the circle that surround it

be animal tongued or hear or taste or smell twitch nose to current waves which surrender
inside focus and outside frame honey buckling parameters as bee vibrates poly-sonic on
tongue

be names lists acts building reference buildings - all ravelled – unravelled – names acts
lists pick pick pick to pop - popping infectious – names popping – acts pop – listed listed
listed until a world is made -unmade

derailment is inevitable

become tree
become bee
become poet bee and dragon tree¹⁰

It finalizes once
and again
once
until the finality is a plan

The plan finalizes once
and again
once
until the finality is a plan(e)

The plan(e) finalizes once
and again
once
until the finality is a plan(e)(t)

The plan(e)(t) finalizes once
and again
once
until the finality is plan(e) (t) (s)

¹⁰ This last stanza is reference to an earlier unrelated poem and makes less sense in the context of this poem. I would like to say it is meta-fictional, but this is meta-fictional. I believe you, reader, will find this information either unnecessary (as you remember the reference and wish I had not mentioned it), or it doesn't help you any more than had I not mentioned it. I am aware that this poem stops short of all promises. It breaks contractual agreements. It sublimates desire into popping. Desire to communicate an extended metaphor about the joys and possibilities of imagination run amok turned into an impossible disruptive image of addiction to popping. I cannot help but laugh as my fingers run ahead of the keyboard and my mind. The image falls to the page before thought and I will not edit it. I will only seek further into its mysterious happening. It has happened and I do not seek to control it today. In a rare expression of restraint, I do not delete it. The restraint of allowing happening to happen. Spontaneous creativity rising up and where does it lead? To popping. If there is a purpose to this conversation, I hope you can find it. In the poet and bee? In the dangerous dragon tree? Really, I ask. Really.

The plan(e) (t) (s) finalizes once
and again
once
until the finality is a (p) universe

The (p) universe is re-iteration of once
which finalizes as (p) ossibility
or (p) robability
also a (g) ravity
also as (b)ig (b)ang
also as (s)tring theory
as (f)ractals
or (a)lgorythm
or alorythm
or andromoporhythm
or aprioriscapes
or assumtorioria
or assymetrithmogical
or assortiumytrical
or azoologicalational
or acourterioaportional
or antropicalizational
or (x)
or (y)

I would like to read more Deluze and Bergson but am afraid of the consequences. I would like to read more Taliesin. More Pentr Ifan. I would like to read more Cader Idris and more Pistyll Rhaeadr. I would like to read more cauldrons and more owled eyes. I would like to read $\cap \cap \zeta^{\flat} \supset \triangleleft^{\flat} \wedge \triangleright^{\flat}$. I would like to read

ي رجى الك تابة عل يه

I would like to be
less finalized

It finalizes once
and again
once



again once until the finality is a plan(e) (t) (s) The plan(e) (t) (s) finalizes once and again once until the finality is a (p) universe
The (p) universe is re-iteration of once which finalizes as (p) ossibility or (p) robability also a (g) ravity also as (b)(j) (b)jang also
as (s)tring theory as (f)ractals or (a)lgorythm or alorhythm or andromoporhythm or apriorisapes or assumtorioria or
assmyrhythmolical or assortiumytral or azoologicalational or acourterioaportal or antropicalizational or (g) or (l) and it is in
its full creation It finalizes once and again once through the alphabet to the power of (w) where alphabet is a finality of
2600000000000000000000000 possibilities and where (w) is finalizing finality into a hole It finalizes once and again once
until finality is a plan we fall into like a bad habit

fire in the madhouse a fire a fire a fire there is a fire in the madhouse a fire a fire a fire there is a fire in the madhouse the madhouse & we are bound for the stars & the stars are bound for us there is a fire there is a fire there is a fire a fire a fire i e & we are bound for the stars & the stars are bound for us there is a fire a fire a fire in the madhouse & we are bound for the s

She fills my lungs with earth, two sacs
weighted with the balance of things.

She blows into my liver
and its tunnels whistle with laughter.

She pours water into my stomach
until it is huge with elasticity.

She sets my intestine on fire
and it is calm in the flames.

All are sealed in clay jars but the heart,
which is replaced in my corpse like a jewel.

Meanwhile vultures, smelling foul,
drink my juices which run to the floor:

My brain, blown out by a reed tube,
and my blood, running in streamlets at their feet.

walkhomewithgroceriesingooglestreetview(ste-catherine montreal) excepte livraison
locale rotisserie italienne doe la cabine du poule ouvert au grain chicken al 1927
souvenirs de bankok restaurant thai votre vin cuisine notre cuisine your wine our cuisine
souvenirs de bankok 1925 restaurant nilufar n halal pccell argo croissant croissanterie
932- 2604 1909 noor marche noor viande fraiche halal p western de souhaits cadeaux
journal ouvert ballons lotteries imagine soupes et nouilles cuisine soups soups & noodles
(rue hautefeuille paris) maison de la lozere guinness the gentlemann the gentlemann
maison de la loz re le restaurant maison de la lozere chez clement bnp parisbas place st
anges des-arts peppa bella 6^e arr! rue francisque gay petit hng kong 0 : 43 29 9329 6^e
Arr! rue francisque gay 1885-1963 journaliste et homme d'etat pizza au feu de bois salle
au 1^{er} etage vente a emporter take away pizza pizza hotel celio boulevard st michel
chatelet forum des halles palais de justice concorde saint germain des pres festivale
solidays 4,5,6, juillet hipp. langchame paris le luece cafe le luece restaurant texto pharma
vie pharmacie scholl the body shop (canton road mong kok) hong kong yip shing
dispensary limited canton road 2368 – 28 645 85 23113878 p hyundai screws 24283383
no 987 metal work pneumatic hitachi tai loy motor pup co. harbour hotel office for lease
no smoking japan home centre (north robertson boul beverly hills) lagine beverly hills
liquor beverly hills liquor sing loy 1 hr cleaners cleaners & laundry wine bar il buco 105
panincte ca wine dad il buco trattoria il buco pizzeria kami electronics antiques for lease
310 275 8222 134 available 1 hour parking 8 am -6pm enter perry's lunch and snack
parking 14'4'' max clearance exit pharmacy robert burns wines carter hardware inc.
(victoria street sydney) brun property atm oporto 274 290 peel for sale real estate paper
box thai noodle bar 9256 2373 night owl 24 atm circa 75 malabar south indian cuisine

licenced & byo wines only (delicios mexico) e publico pension dir y noche costura schio
alta cost portal marquez 04455 2976 2953 confecciononanos piopa por talla sobre
medida casual coctel noche quince anos novias sastreria reglaos angelicales regaleos para
toda occasion copias golosinas y mas estetica unisex d'anayaney

Glossary

Note: Some of these words do not have English equivalents so are defined instead of translated.

Afon: river

Annwen (also anfwen, awen): poetic inspiration/ Otherworld

Arawn: king of Otherworld

Bach: small

Byt mor yw ryfed.
Na syrch yn vnwed.

The world, how wonderful it is,
That it falls not at once

Cymraeg: Welsh

Cymry: Wales

Fili: poet

Guledig: chieftain/warlord

Hyge: spirit which is launched from the body (in the form of an animal also),
free-ranging soul (Henry, p. 136)

Sidh (Gaelic): fair folk, fairy

Triskele: "The triple spiral is an ancient Celtic symbol related to the sun, afterlife and reincarnation. The example ... comes from the Neolithic "tomb" at Newgrange, where it is supposed by some to be a symbol of pregnancy (the sun describes a spiral in its movements every three months; a triple spiral represents nine months), an idea reinforced by the womb like nature of the structure. The symbol also suggests reincarnation- it is drawn in one continuous line, suggesting a continuous movement of time". <http://symboldictionary.net/?p=11>

Tugen: ceremonial cloak worn by master poets

Ysbryd: spirit

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